

# THE LIGUORIAN

*In the Service of*

## OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

September . . . . . 1929

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### REDEMPTORIST FATHERS

Box A, OCONOMOWOC, WISCONSIN

Per Year \$2.00

Canada, and Foreign \$2.25

Single Copies 20c

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### THANK YOU!

"I have been a subscriber to your magazine for several  
 years and hope that I will never have to discontinue it. It  
 is so full of good inspirations—and we need them so much."  
 Spillville, Iowa.

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 Foreign, \$2.25. Single Copies, 20 cents.**

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Entered as second-class matter August 29th, 1912, at the Post Office at  
 Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in section  
 1103, act of October 3, 1917. Authorized July 17, 1918.

# THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori  
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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VOL. XVII.

SEPTEMBER, 1929

No. 9

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## Memorare

I can but beg Thee never to forget me,  
O Mary, Queen of Happiness and Peace.  
I do not ask these burdens that beset me,  
That Thou shouldst lift nor bid my sorrows cease.

I only hope, remaining close beside Thee,  
To never lose remembrance of Thy Charm:  
A trembling child, whatever may betide me,  
To feel the clasp of Thy maternal arm.

I cannot paint, as artists have portrayed Thee,  
In beauty rare Thy wondrous form and face:  
I do not dare as ardent Saints have prayed Thee,  
In my poor life Thy holiness to trace.

To honor Thee, that were so far above me,  
To me indeed, it seems a hopeless task,  
But let me love, as none shall ever love Thee,  
That, Mother dear, I do make bold to ask.

—J. R. Melvin, C.Ss.R.

## Father Tim Casey

### A BEATIFICATION CEREMONY

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

Long lines of Italian troops stretched from one wing to the other of the colonnade in front of St. Peter's. The bright June sun glanced back from the helmets of the soldiers and from the polished granite cobblestones of the Piazza. The two fountains scattered their ceaseless showers of diamonds. A boy bounced a ball, made in America in 1929, against the obelisk, carved in Egypt three thousand years before Christ. A cab driver made a great show of reading his entrance ticket to the basilica. The tickets are strictly gratis, but he was hoping some ticketless stranger would come and pay him for it. An octogenarian, braced against one of Bernini's pillars, was waving his stick and triumphantly telling his cronies how he had fought for the Pope in '70 and how victory had now come at last.

"You see there are several openings in the soldiers' ranks," Father Casey said to his companion. "Take a look at our tickets, and find the opening through which we are to pass."

Lawrence Dwyer, the young man addressed, took the tickets from his pocket and began bravely to labor through the Italian text.

"Personal entrance ticket to the Vatican Basilica for the Solemn Beatification of the Venerable Servant of God, Teresa Margherita, barefooted Carmelite Nun, of the Convent of St. Teresa in Florence, Sunday, June 9, at 9:30 A. M. N. B.—Ladies are rigorously required to be modestly dressed wearing black gown and veil. Gentlemen are to be clothed in black. Clergymen are to be in cassock and cloak—" He finally broke off his reading and exclaimed: "I do not find any mention of the entrance through which we are to pass. Maybe I missed it."

Father Casey laughed.

"What color are the tickets?"

"Orange."

"Then we enter through the opening where the big orange sign is tacked to a post. Besides," he said, glancing at the paper in Dwyer's hand, "you missed the instructions at the very top of the ticket: 'Entrance: St. Martha's Door.'"



"Which of those five great doors is St. Martha's?"

"None of them. It is a side door beyond the sacristy."

From the corner of St. Peter's a high board fence had been hastily built across the narrow street which runs alongside the basilica. A door opened in this fence. The sentinels who guarded it on the outside wore the gray-green khaki of the Italian army and carried modern rifles; the sentinels inside the fence shouldered medieval halberds and were clothed in the picturesque uniforms of black, yellow, and red designed by Michael Angelo for the Swiss Guard.

"Look, Father Tim," Dwyer almost shouted, "this fence is the boundary of the Pope's City."

The priest turned pale; the realization came to him with the force of an electric shock; and then his heart beat fast with thanksgiving and exultation.

"Last Friday," he said, "the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, when the final documents were signed there in the Vatican, in the apartments of Cardinal Gasparri, this State of Vatican City came into existence. For the first time in fifty-nine years this sacred ground is in the undisputed possession of its rightful Sovereign. Gloria Patri."

The old gray walls rising on either side of the narrow street framed a strip of bright blue sky. A summer cloud floated slowly across it. Peace brooded over Vatican City.

The orange tickets admitted our friends to "Tribune A," one of the temporary grandstands erected in St. Peter's for those who were specially invited to the beatification. After finding their places and reciting the Apostles' Creed (Father Casey's favorite prayer at the tomb of St. Peter) they had ample time to admire the rich hangings and countless lights with which the mighty church had been adorned for the occasion. High above the altar where all the glory seemed to center was a great frame of dazzling beauty and brilliance, but within the frame was nothing but a drab, ugly cloth.

"What's the big idea?" Dwyer asked.

"Just keep your eye on it after the ceremony begins, and you will learn," the priest told him.

He did. An ecclesiastic mounted the pulpit. In clear, even tones he read the decree wherein the Supreme Pontiff declared that Teresa Margherita Redi was raised to the honor of the altar. The reader had scarcely pronounced the concluding words of the document when the

drab-colored cloth dropped out of the frame and disclosed a brilliant picture of the blessed one in glory.

"Beata Teresa Margherita, ora pro nobis," burst from the choir. This new invocation, which had never before been publicly pronounced but which, from this moment, had its authorized place in the Church's liturgy, reechoed beneath St. Peter's dome. And then the very walls of the basilica seemed to tremble as tens of thousands united in one mighty voice of joy and thanksgiving: "Te Deum laudamus. Te Dominum confitemur."

Then followed the solemn Mass of beatification which lasted till noon. They were just leaving the church when the hard quick shock of the noonday gun from Fort Monte Mario broke on the rolling chorus of the Angelus bells of St. Peter's and of a hundred lesser churches up and down the Tiber Valley.

"Impressive. Makes a fellow feel heaven is real. But where was the Pope?" Dwyer asked.

"The Pope will be there this afternoon," Father Casey replied.

"Then we have not yet seen the principal part of the ceremony of beatification," Dwyer remarked.

"We have seen it all," was the reply. "The beatification took place the moment the decree was publicly read. In that decree the Pope stated that the life of Teresa Margherita Redi had been subjected to searching scrutiny, that the miracles worked through her intercession had been proved to be absolutely genuine, and that, therefore, he, by virtue of his supreme spiritual authority, declared it certain that she had loved God with heroic love, that her image could be set up for veneration in the churches and her name invoked in public prayers."

"If the beatification is over why does the Pope come in this afternoon?"

"He comes in to do what he has just declared is permissible and proper for every Christian to do—to venerate the relics of Teresa Margherita and ask her to pray for him. For the Pope, the Vicar of Christ, the Visible Head of the Church, is also a Catholic who says his prayers like the rest of us," Father Casey said.

"I thought, when a saint was proclaimed, the Pope himself would say the Mass."

"And so he does—when a saint is proclaimed. Proclaiming a saint is called canonization. It is one of the most sublime and soul-stirring

ceremonies in the entire ritual of the Church. This morning Teresa Margherita was not proclaimed a saint; she was proclaimed blessed. This was a beatification, not a canonization."

"What is the difference?"

"By beatification she receives the title of Blessed Teresa Margherita, and she is admitted to a limited cult, to limited honors; for example, we may publicly invoke her but we may not name a church or chapel in her honor. If now, after the beatification, her cause continues to go forward, if new miracles are obtained through her intercession, if the genuineness of these new miracles is proved beyond doubt, then she will be canonized, she will receive the title of Saint Teresa Margherita and will be admitted to the full honors which the Church pays to the saints."

Dwyer got another idea. "They tell me that when the Pope is carried into St. Peter's the people shout, 'Eviva il Papa,' at the top of their voices. It seems to me something ought to be done to stop that abuse. Of course, these demonstrative Italians want to show their joy at seeing the Holy Father. They mean no harm; but the thing is so utterly out of place—shouting in a church."

An hour before the afternoon ceremony Father Casey and his young friend took their stand next to the narrow lane in the center of the church along which the papal retinue was to pass. There was a long period of nervous expectancy. Finally through the door connecting St. Peter's with the Vatican Palace the Swiss Guard began to file in. Then came the Noble Guard, Monsignori, Canons, Bishops, Archbishops, and Cardinals. From somewhere a burst of heavenly music—the famed silver trumpets announcing the Pope. And there, high in the Sedia Gestatoria, borne lightly on the shoulders of eight sturdy men in red plush, Pius XI, the Vicar of Christ, the Visible Head of Christ's Church. A clapping of hands, a waving of handkerchiefs, and again, again, and yet again, a mighty roar from ten thousand throats: "Eviva il Papa! Eviva Pio Undecimo!" Father Casey shot a sidelong glance at his companion. In all that vast multitude nobody was shouting "Eviva" with more power and enthusiasm than Lawrence Dwyer, the young American.

After the ceremonies had been completed and the colorful procession had disappeared through the door from which it came, the priest and his friend left the basilica and strolled along the crowded streets. All

Rome was out, dressed in its Sunday best, enjoying the evening air. As is the custom, in this land where home ties are so close and home life is so sacred, entire families generally walked together. Here was a general in full uniform, carrying his infant son and leading his two little daughters; there was a senator pushing a baby carriage, his beautiful wife clinging to his arm; no hurry, no rudeness, everybody bright and cheerful, quiet, leisurely, courteous.

As soon as they had worked their way through the crowd and were able to resume conversation, Father Casey made a malicious remark.

"How scandalous the way these demonstrative Italians shouted out loud in church the moment the Pope appeared."

"You know, Father," Dwyer replied, "I have changed my ideas about all that after what I witnessed this evening. It seemed the proper thing for them to give vent to their joy when they saw the Vicar of Christ. I thought their 'Envivas' just as much in place in the church as a hymn or a prayer."

"What about yourself? You were shouting louder than any of them."

"Was I? I didn't know it," Dwyer replied frankly.

"The Bible tells how the Pharisees came to Our Lord and told Him it was scandalous the way the people were shouting Hosannas to Him. He said if they would keep quiet, the very stones would cry out. Whatever honor and glory we give to His Vicar is all intended for Our Lord."

They rounded the Capitoline Hill and came out on the Old Salarian Way where they stopped, leaned over the railing, and looked down in silence at the moonlit ruins of the Roman Forum.

Dwyer was the first to speak. He was still puzzling over the meaning of all he had seen that day.

"That little girl that lived her short, uneventful life and died hidden away in an obscure Florentine convent about the time the American patriots were getting ready for the Revolutionary War, was the cause of all these celebrations today. Her story will be told, her name will be everywhere invoked from now until the end of the world. It does look queer, doesn't it? Now, if she had performed some great achievement, if she had been known to the world, it would not look so strange. But what can we say of her? She was good, and she said her prayers, and she had no end of patience with a couple of old sick nuns she was

told to look after. That's all we can say of her. When she was only twenty-two she died. Some of the people in the next block did not know she had ever existed."

"Lawrence," said the priest, "look at this ancient Forum strewn with ruins—white marble and black shadow. For twelve centuries, twelve hundred long years, that Forum was the scene of the most intense human activity in the world. Men who moved along that Via Sacra, who mounted the steps of that gorgeous temple, clad in glittering armor or wrapped in the patrician toga—these men had performed, what we call, great achievements. They had amassed fabulous wealth, founded great nations, conquered powerful peoples, opened up new worlds. But they are forgotten. The spot where they triumphed lies there dead and desolate as the desert in the heart of a city of a million inhabitants. But Teresa Margherita, the little Florentine nun, who lived and died in obscurity, is revered and honored. Why this difference? Because the things they accomplished, which we call great achievements, were nothing—nothing at all—vain, idle works which dissolved into dust and forgetfulness like the pomp of this old Forum. Blessed Teresa Margherita did the greatest thing a human being can do, the only great thing a human being can do, she did God's will, and she did it perfectly. Her achievement will endure for all eternity; her glory before angels and men will never fade."

---

Blessed Thomas More, Chancellor of England during the reign of Henry VIII, made it his practice to attend Holy Mass every day.

One day while he was at Mass, a courtier came to him with a message from the King, demanding his presence in the royal chamber for an audience on business.

"Tell his Majesty," said the Chancellor, "that I am engaged in an audience with a Sovereign that is higher than he. When I have finished speaking with the King of Kings, I shall at once obey the summons of my earthly lord."

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Charity loves God with such a love of preference that we are disposed to renounce all creatures rather than separate ourselves from Him.

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The great question in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving!

## For God And Country

### DANIEL O'CONNELL, THE LIBERATOR

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

Nowhere perhaps do we reveal our character so markedly as in our intimate letters to those we love—in those letters that are meant for no stranger eyes, but only for the eyes of those that know us best. There we manifest without restraint the feelings of our hearts and the thoughts of our minds, our plans and desires, the first fruits of our characters.

If, then, we would gain a true and good idea of O'Connell, the Man, we can safely turn his letters to his wife and children. Three things stand out in them: a true family spirit—a home spirit—such as we desiderate in our life today; sincere, tender, yet manly affection—such as we miss too often in our grasping and acquisitive age, and deep religiousness.

#### THE HUSBAND

I would like to quote as many as possible of these beautiful letters of his to his wife and children. Space permits me to bring but a few. Here is one, written from Limerick, Aug. 7, 1813, about ten years after their marriage, to his wife:

"My darling Heart:

"Your letter and Charles' account of you give me fresh life and spirits; but I thought that you would have written to me again, heart's treasure, and I felt lonely and disappointed at not hearing from you by this day's post. Upon consideration I have blamed myself for it, because I ought to have written to you every day; but I will do so in future, my sweetheart love, and you must follow my example. Do, then, my own Mary, let me have the happiness to hear that you are thoroughly well.

Take the kindest care of my Kate (their daughter), and better still, more care of yourself for my own darling love. The business has become excessive upon this circuit—mine is increasing almost beyond endurance—but I never was in such good health, and have no anxiety but what relates to my own dearest, dearest darling. I wish to God you knew how fervently I dote on you. Kiss sweet saucy Kate for me.

"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

Another typical letter was written from Cork on October 12, 1821—almost twenty years after their marriage. He writes:

"My Heart's Darling:

"I got your very affectionate letter of Wednesday, and felt the extreme happiness of having so tender a partner of every care and every joy. I could write something like poetry to my own darling if I thought that it would express more strongly what I feel. I cannot tell you how my heart languishes to be with you or to express that kind of seethings of the heart which I feel at being so long absent from you; but I will indeed hasten to meet you. . . .

"I enclose you 50 for the house. Oh how happy I should be to allow you to meet me on Tuesday in Limerick if I dared; but the shortness of the time, the badness of the weather, and one thousand apprehensions drive it out of my head, in particular the desperate road from Tralee to Limerick. . . .

"I had a great and glorious assizes. I believe I am at the top of the wheel, for which I thank God. I must conclude, darling, with wishing you and my children every blessing and assuring you of the fondest love of your ever true

"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

Four years later, in 1825, writing from the midst of his taxing labors in London, he sends this letter:

"My Own and Only Love:

"It was Kate (their daughter) who wrote the letter I got this morning, and I do most tenderly love Kate. Yet, sweetest Mary, I could have wished to see one line also in that handwriting which gives me recollections of the happiest hours of my life, and still blesses me with inexpressible sweetness and comfort when we, darling, are separate. All the romance of my mind envelops you, and I am as romantic in my love this day as I was twenty-three years ago, when you dropped your not unwilling hand into mine.

"Darling, will you smile at the love letters of your old husband? Oh no—my Mary—my own Mary will remember that she has had the fond and faithful affections of my youth, and that, if years have rolled over us, they have given us no cause to respect or love each other less than we did in early life. At least, Darling, so I think. Do not smile either at the mere circumstance of my not getting a letter making me melancholy. It is cheering to my heart to hear from you—it is so de-



licious to me to read what you write that indeed, I cannot but feel lonely when I do not read your words."

When, eleven years later, his wife lay on her deathbed, O'Connell wrote to his friend, Richard Barrett:

"God help me! My ever beloved is in a state of much suffering and daily losing ground. I do most potently fear she cannot recover. She may linger. One week may—Oh God, help me!—The purest spirit that ever dwelled in a human breast. She did not believe in the existence of evil. I am incompetent or too womanish and too weak to do my public duty, and this is what she would condemn. But I think I can rally. She would advise me to devote my energies, even in misery, to Ireland. I need not smile—for that would resemble a crime; but what am I writing! Only, after all, my great consolation will be a dogged and determined activity in the cause of Ireland."

And, in a letter written after her death to P. V. Fitzpatrick, we find these words:

"I can never again know happiness and every day convinces me more and more of that fact."

Again and again the memory of her comes back to him even in his public speeches. Thus at a temperance meeting in Belfast, some years later, after referring to his family, he says:

"But that subject brings me back to a being of whom I dare not speak in the profanation of words. No, I will not mention that name. The man who is happiest in his domestic circle may have some idea of what my happiness was—yes, I was her husband then—did I say was? Oh yes! I am her husband still. The grave may separate us for a time, but we shall meet again beyond it, never, I trust, to be separated more."

It might be well to add that Mary O'Connell was a woman worthy in every way of the affection of this man in whom force and energy predominated. One of O'Connell's daughters thus describes the mother:

"My mother was exactly the wife to suit my father in every way. She was devotedly attached to him, and she sympathized with him as thoroughly in his public as in his private life. She knew that it was necessary for the success of affairs both of law and politics, with which his mind were occupied continually, that he should never be troubled about household affairs; and she, therefore, while regulating her family with the greatest exactness, took care never to harass him with any of her domestic troubles. . . . On the contrary, she endeavored to



arrange matters so that he should never find anything but peace and repose at his own fireside.

"Thus, when engaging a governess, she was wont to stipulate that no chidings of the children should ever take place in their father's presence, but should be reserved for the schoolroom."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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### THE FIRST SCHOOL

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"Instruction is given especially at school and in church, and education is given principally at home," says the distinguished M. Paul de Vuyst, Belgian Minister of Agriculture. "The thing is easy to comprehend. The child spends at home, under his parents' supervision, ten times as much time as in the school and church together. The first six or seven years are passed entirely at home and his character is already made before he goes to school or church."

Realizing the importance of this fact, the Belgian Catholics, years ago already, established a League for Family Education. M. DeVuyst says further:

"How is it possible for a teacher who has thirty or more pupils before him at one time, to know in a single year the background of character of each pupil? How can he correct faults of character in a child whom he does not have time to observe in the ordinary way? During lessons, the teacher is occupied beyond all else with *instruction*. The formation of character must be individual; all people agree on that. Parents, being anywhere from thirty to forty times as numerous as teachers and clergymen together, are able to observe their children in the thousand circumstances of daily life, and their authority is very much greater than that of the school.

"If ill-prepared parents neglect the early education of their children and imagine that the school, the Church and the various social organizations, will succeed in reclaiming them after the blight of initial errors, they deceive themselves as badly as does the nurseryman who fails to get some understanding of his profession before undertaking it. Is it not high time that in every country we should start on this problem of education from the right end?"

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Industry, perseverance, and frugality make fortune yield.

## The Eternal Madonna

M. S. KALLENBACH

Hard times had come upon the operators—but, then, it had not ever been very prosperous for some of them. The garment shops had been cut down to “half time”—some said it was due to the usual presidential slump, others again hinted at over-production and the “Systemizer”—that individual, you know, who must produce more with less workers. This year he had been most successful.

One of those whom he had put upon the streets came listlessly into the court-room where she had been ushered, charged by a very zealous guardian of the law with suspicious actions upon the Bridge. She was young but her face bore the age-old reflection of concern—sorrow and care. She had eaten nothing since the day before and in her pocket-book was barely the price of a ticket home—that and no more. She had pondered, as she crossed the bridge, whether she would go on to the Jersey side or only to the middle of the huge structure—the pride of two opulent cities.

About her sat a few more unkempt vagrants; one or two shift individuals and several loud-spoken gaily dressed women of unmistakable calling. Through the swinging doors of the court room came attaches, now and then, and she watched them with hard eyes. What did they know of the joys and sorrows that had swept her tired heart for the past two months?

From the far corner of the room, another woman stared at her and then came forward to slip a tract into her hand. It questioned in large type “ARE YOU SAVED?” The girl looked at it with curling lips and then crushed it impatiently in her hand. She looked up at the other woman who quickly stole away.

Her head ached dully and she felt weak and fainting. The matron from her corner watched her sharply and then went to fetch her a drink, but some one called her and she hurried off.

Suddenly the swinging doors opened impetuously and a young girl hurried into the room. She was followed closely by an escort upon whom her happy eyes often turned with confident appeal. Lovers, evidently.

Wearily the young operator watched them in rebellion. She was

conscious of the newcomer's rich attire, the faultless hat that rested so chicly upon the bobbed curls. She wondered if the happiness of the other would fade if she knew how much of life blood went into the making of her exquisite ensemble—how many weeks, the price of that hat would ward off starvation? What did such girls know of the misery of hard times—of the privation of workers, a privation which kills all the finer instincts within the weak and all too human heart.

Suddenly the gay eyes of the young girl caught the brooding stare of the operator and all the happiness and sparkle suddenly died out of them and in their place came pity so deep that the other's eyes turned away, defiantly.

The sweet mouth of the visitor trembled in hurt surprise. She glanced upward at the presiding officer, almost hidden behind his high desk, and then her eyes dropped down upon a large bulky package which her escort carried. Suddenly she sprang up the short steps to the chair of the Judge.

Judge Gray turned a strong thoughtful face toward her in mingled surprise and rebuke. "Now, Anne, haven't I told you often enough"—but the girl gently placed a hand over the rebuking lips and spoke low and rapidly:

"Now Daddy, I know I'm breaking all the rules—but this is *so* important—really and truly it is!"

The father turned his swivel chair so that the back of it faced the room.

"Well—out with it—more cash?"

"No, O no, daddy dear—not this time. I know I'm trespassing and worth not a bag of salt, but money sometimes doesn't cover everything," her voice quivered. Don't look right away, daddy, but that young woman down there to the right has such a pitiful look about her—so forlorn and broken—really daddy, when she looked at me a minute ago, I felt dreadfully guilty somehow—as though it was all my fault that she was here; she looked so sad and so miserable—so do all the rest of them today. O daddy, it almost breaks your heart—I am so happy and they are so helpless—it seems terrible. I wonder, daddy, if you'll let me make a present to you and this room. I mean—you know—I've had the Madonna framed—that one of the chair by Raphael I received for my hope-chest.

"Well, what of it?" patiently asked the Judge with a smile.

"Now, don't think it funny, will you, if I ask you to hang it up behind you on the wall here?" and she indicated with a slender finger the space between two long windows that stretched between ceiling and floor. "Will you, daddy?" and two tears slipped unnoticed from her eyes to fall upon his hand resting on the chair.

The long silence portended a refusal and an anxious line emerged between the affectionate wistful eyes of his daughter.

But the Judge turned to the clerk at the end of the desk and motioned him closer.

"Have McMaster come to me at once," he said.

"O you darling daddy," sighed a happy voice in his ear, as with a quick movement his daughter returned to her seat and lifting the rather heavy parcel, began to tear the wrappings from it. After which she mounted again the short stair to the Judge. The audience eyed her curiously.

She grew red with embarrassment as she caught a few amused glances and did not again look up, as the attendant mounted a ladder and hung the picture high on the wall, whence the Beautiful Child looked forth with His tender glance upon all the room. A strange hush fell and taking advantage of it, the young couple slipped out of the room.

Time wore on, the cases went monotonously forward but the operator paid no attention to them. She saw nothing of the groups about her, heard less of the testimony and the pleadings of counsel or prisoners. She saw only the Child snuggled in His mother's arms, seeking the comfort which at some distant time He should so sorely need. She shut her eyes but the picture persisted upon her consciousness. The hardness of her heart was breaking—unconsciously her head sank upon her breast and a suspicious moisture glistened on her cheek. She opened her eyes to mark the loudly dressed and painted jezebel in the other corner unashamedly wiping her eyes as she gazed upward.

The next case was called and the woman of the streets answered. After a short colloquy, she left in the company of her bondsman, but the young operator saw nothing now but the Child—in fact, she did not want to leave, heard nothing when her name was called. It came to her again, from a long distance, and she swayed as she arose in answer. The matron leaned toward her with a glass of ice water.

"Drink this," she commanded gently.

After drinking, the girl with eyes intent upon the picture, listened while the charge was being read.

"I am guilty, your honor," she admitted weakly and hung her head. "I had intended going home to the old folks, but I was too ashamed, having led them to believe me prosperous. I have had no work for months. I could not return penniless, and so—I—the water looked so restful—"

Gravely the Judge listened as she spoke and then leaning toward her rebuked her sternly. She swayed weakly as he ceased speaking.

Instantly the matron was at her side again placing a protective arm about the shrinking form. Then she turned toward the Judge.

"If you please, your honor," she lifted sympathetic eyes from his face significantly to the picture hanging above his chair, "I'll take care of her tonight. Perhaps tomorrow she'll get a better break."

The Judge nodded his consent and very gently the girl was led back into the matron's room. As she passed the chair where the lovers had sat, she caressed the tops with lingering fingers. The matron then closed the door behind her. The judicial also retired.

But within the empty room, the Infant in His Blessed Mother's arms seemed to nestle down more contentedly.

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### A PRAYER AT BENEDICTION

---

O my Jesus, Fountain of inexhaustible benediction, Thou who didst bless the Apostles before Thou didst ascend into heaven, bless me also and with Thy presence sanctify me.

Bless my memory, that it may ever recollect Thee.

Bless my understanding, that it may ever think of Thee.

Bless my will, that it may ever seek or desire that which may be displeasing to Thee.

Bless my body and its actions.

Bless my heart with all its affections.

Bless me now and at the hour of my death.

Bless me in time and in eternity, and grant that Thy most sweet blessing may be a pledge of eternal happiness.

Bless my brethren, the faithful; bless my dear ones; bless everyone I love and everyone to whom I owe gratitude, and bring me and them to rest in Thy Sacred Heart forever. Amen.

## Neumannettes

J. MANTON, C.Ss.R.

Though a bishop ringed and robed, Neumann never ceased to be a Redemptorist, not only in spirit but in fact. When some individuals asserted, more confidently than correctly, that the episcopal dignity automatically severed him from his order, Neumann was so troubled that he wrote to Pius IX, begging him not to reward his obedience to the Church with exile from his Congregation. The Holy Father's answer was the essence of deep respect and intimate love:

"Because you, my beloved son, have united the virtues of a religious with the burden of a Bishop, you shall remain a religious. Even if you were no longer a full member of the Congregation, I would, by virtue of my power, receive you as such."

To calm any fears Neumann might have that he was merely an "honorary" religious, the Pontiff subjoined a few regulations respecting poverty and obedience. Bishop Neumann followed the Redemptorist rule as far as he could make it harmonize with his episcopal duties. He chose the Redemptorist seal as his episcopal coat of arms. Every week he went to the Redemptorist monastery attached to St. Peter's Church, for Confession. Every month he retired there to spend a day in holy recollection. Every year he buried himself in its solitude during ten days of complete silence, deep introspection, and fervent prayer.

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A brief recountal of the Bishop's ordinary day, a kind of résumé of his usual program, might prove interesting. Unfortunately, we have no report as detailed and comprehensive as those which private detectives on shadowing cases are wont to give their principals. The man who would essay to track Neumann would lose a deal of sleep keeping vigil while Neumann prayed.

While the early birds of the proverb were still smiling in their dreams at the prospect of a fat, wriggling breakfast, Neumann was already up and stirring. Temperamentally, he belonged "way down East where they pry up the sun." At five o'clock he was on his knees in his room offering the first fruits of the day to God. When half-past five chimed through the house, he rose to his feet, took his breviary, and made his way to the holy silence of his private chapel. Here he completed his hour's meditation, though meditation is a pale, colorless

word for the heart-thoughts that flamed and leaped in his soul as the little red altar-light leaps up in its scarlet glass. At six o'clock he said Mass; which is our easy, offhand way of saying that he called God down from His Heaven. Mass over, he slipped off his vestments, and began his thanksgiving, perhaps with the thought that it was very easy, even a little pleasant to wear that dainty silk chasuble with its pretty, painted cross. Poor Christ, with His bulky beam dragging behind Him and jouncing painfully as it struck the stones in the dust! And as for pretty painting, blood makes a dark, uneven stain. . . .

After his thanksgiving Neumann heard confessions and said his Office. Then came the episcopal breakfast which the bishop prepared and served himself. This, however, is by no means indicative of high culinary accomplishment, for the bishop's breakfast was the breakfast of a soldier—when the soldier is panting on a forced march. It consisted of a slice of buttered bread and a glass of cold water; and, sometimes, a little more water. When Neumann drew his knees from under the tablecloth and retired to set his room in order, he went upstairs with the smiling thought that arranging his chamber would present even less of a domestic problem than the breakfast. If you sleep in a chair or on a plank, as Neumann generally did, you will find little trouble in making your bed.

When the Bishop was at home, his whole day was given to his desk, where the business of the diocese was efficiently despatched. But never was he writing long before some priest or layman summoned him downstairs for consultation. That states it precisely; they did the summoning, and the Bishop immediately answered the call. In the business world, if you succeed in reaching the frosted glass door of the Great Man's office, a velvet-footed secretary ushers you trembling into the Presence. In Neumann's household things were a little different, and a little more democratic. You told the lay-brother at the door you wished to see the Bishop. The brother waves you to a chair and pulls a bell-rope. The gong rings once. *One*, he confides, brings the Bishop; *two*, his Vicar-general; *three*, Father So-and-So. And, before he has finished explaining, there is the tip-tap of feet on the stairs and here is the Bishop himself, advancing to meet you with a quiet, kindly smile. It is not the facile smile that comes so easily to patronizing lips, but one that starts with a muscle somewhere near the heart; a smile that is the external radiance of a holy, cultured, kindly soul.



There it is—kindly. History, dramatic critic of Shakespeare's world-stage, has a habit of summing up and stroking off a character with a single trenchant epithet. Thus she has given us Charles the Bold, Phillip the Fair, Louis the Debonair. If we were urged to do likewise with Neumann, to search the world of words for his double, we would select with all due reverence and with innumerable reservations, the too-profaned "Christlike." And if this were assailed as too general, it would not be difficult to advance Neumann's special, individualizing trait. We would pass over his zeal, his mortification, his poverty; forget his learning and his fortitude; and, ignoring his humility, his prudence and all his other virtues, pause at his kindness, and send him down to posterity as—Neumann the Kindly.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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### A ROW OF DINNER PAILS

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Mrs. Grace H. Sherwood, who as a girl used to attend the Mass of Cardinal Gibbons, gives this interesting account of the first time she was present at a week-day Mass in the church of Our Lady of Sorrows:

"As I came through the square upon which the Church looks, my eyes were suddenly dazzled by what seemed to be a series of reflectors on the steps of the church. I came closer and found to my amazement that the reflectors were dinner pails! Not less than twenty-five, if there was one! They were on every step, ranging from the top to the bottom of the entrance.

I went into the church hardly believing the evidence of my eyes; but once inside, I saw where the pails had come from. They had been placed there by railroad men, firemen and engineers and others who had been working the whole night through and now, as they came off duty, found time to stop in church and hear Mass before going home to bed.

Never in my life, I think, did I hear Mass so fervently as on that morning among those toil-stained and grimy men who, while I had been sleeping, had been piloting swift engines through the dark. Not even the dear old Cardinal, rising to say his early Mass, was any more majestic a figure to me than those toil-stained men offering to God the first fruits of their leisure."



## Father Tim Casey's Cousin

DAN D. HIGGINS, C.Ss.R.

Mrs. Woods had just about completed the work for the morning when she espied two priests entering the gate.

"Eva," she called to her oldest daughter; "here comes Father Casey and the priest who had charge of the parish while Father Casey was away on his trip. I wonder why they are coming today and so early. Take Catherine up to the playroom and keep her there until after the priests have left."

At almost the same moment the bell at the door rang loudly. On opening the door, Mrs. Woods addressed the older priest: "Why, Father Casey! I never expected to see you home so soon."

Both priests began to smile and Mrs. Woods, looking from one to the other, noticed with more surprise that Father Casey had become very young on his European journey. Before she could say any more, the priest, who had taken Father Casey's place, explained: "Mrs. Woods, this is Father Holzer. I am not surprised that you took him for Father Casey since he is Father Casey's cousin on his mother's side."

"I am very glad to see you again," remarked Father Holzer. "I was here some years ago with Father Casey for some parish celebration. I remember you remarked our resemblance when we were together then."

"I remember you now, Father Holzer, but there were so many priests here on that occasion and it is so long since, I know you will readily pardon me for blundering."

Father Holzer explained that Father Casey was often punished for some wild prank of his, much to his delight and Father Casey's discomfiture. He considered the mistake of this day as a little bit of flattery. Then turning more directly to Mrs. Woods:

"Where are the children? I asked Father to bring me here today because I expected to find all the children home at this time."

"They've gone to a picnic on their grandmother's farm. It is about one hundred and seventy-five miles from this place. Mr. Woods is now having his vacation and he took the children out there for a few days."

"Did all the children go?" queried the Father. "I wished by all means to see the little one, I think her name is Catherine. She was

a mere child then and so bashful that she would hardly look at anyone, much less talk to a strange person. I remember her well because she is the only child that has ever been afraid of me."

Mrs. Woods appeared startled for a moment and this caused Father to continue:

"Has anything happened to Catherine? Is she at the picnic with the others? Has she overcome her bashfulness?"

Betraying some reluctance the woman explains that Catherine has not gone to the picnic but that she was busy with her oldest sister. Still the woman made no offer to call the child to see the priest. Father Holzer then made a positive request: "Please, call the girls to the parlor, I wish to have a talk with Catherine."

Again the mother endeavored to avoid calling the child, saying, "It is of no use to call her; she is as bashful as ever, and I am sure that she will not speak to you."

Father Holzer insisted on seeing the two children and especially the little Catherine. Then only did the mother call to the oldest girl to come down and to bring Catherine with her. The older child greeted the priests gladly and easily. Catherine timidly and smilingly took the hand of the priest, but remained silent. He began speaking to the child, remarking how she had grown. "How old are you, Catherine?" he asked. The child remained silent and turned to its mother as if looking for some help. Father repeated his question to the child and more loudly. The child, however, appeared not to notice him.

"Why," exclaimed Father Holzer, "the child is deaf, that is why she understands not what I am saying; that is why she never talked as a little child, and that is why she does not talk now. Mrs. Woods, did you not know that the child was deaf?"

"Yes, Father, but I did not wish to have others know it and that is why I led them to think when she was a little child that she was too bashful to talk."

"Surely, Father Casey knows about this deaf child?"

"No, Father, I sent the child to the State School for the Deaf just as soon as she was sufficiently old to be accepted."

"I know Father Casey was ever faithful in taking the census of his parish; he always boasted that he knew every one in his parish; did he not ask about the child and whether it was being educated in its Holy Faith?"

"Whenever Father Casey would ask about the child, I would tell him that the child was living with its grandmother and going to school from that place. He knew that my mother was a good Catholic and that she had been very faithful in giving her children a complete Catholic education, so he would ask no further. I send the child to that school because it is the only place I know. A friend of mine had a child in the school, and she directed me in obtaining an education for my little Catherine."

"Why did you not tell Father Casey that Catherine was deaf and get his advice about the education of Catherine?"

"Well, Father, I never heard Father Casey or any other priest, when speaking about education, mention anything about the Catholic education of deaf children. If Father had ever talked about it, or if the missionaries at the time of the mission had spoken about it, I would have been encouraged to speak to Father or to them about little Catherine, but why tell Father Casey about the deafness of my child when it would do no good? My friend had asked her pastor about the education of her deaf child and he did not know of any place to which the child could be sent for a Catholic education. He advised her that there would be time for him to instruct the child after it had learned to read and write and perhaps to read the lips and speak. I have always worried about Catherine and I wish there were some way to have the child instructed in its Holy Faith and virtue and to correct whatever of vice it might learn from others, without waiting until the child is practically an adult, but I have never heard of any such means."

"Mrs. Woods, did not you and Catherine use a certain kind of language during the early years of her life? No doubt, you and the rest of the family made use of that language to keep her from learning evil and to try to teach her good morals. There are schools where use is made of that same language to teach the child religion and good morals and to develop the mind more quickly during the time it is receiving education in all other matters. You must send your Catholic child to one of these Catholic schools. They make use of all the latest successful systems and at the same time give the child a good Catholic training. The souls of the children in these schools are easily reached by the priest that is experienced in their manner of communication of ideas to one another."

Father Holzer gave the woman the address of the nearest Catholic School for the Deaf, and while Catherine is being given the most excellent opportunity of being educated and of learning to read the lips of others and to speak, the priest and the teachers will be able to use the language that Catherine has in common with the deaf to instruct her well in her Holy Religion. This is all owing to the chance visit of Father Casey's cousin.

When the Fathers were about to take their leave, Mrs. Woods thanked them for their visit, especially since it had prepared the way for Catherine's Catholic education. Mrs. Woods promised to see immediately about the sending of her child to the Catholic school. There was, in fact, no need of making her promise to do this; the only reason of her neglect in the past was the lack of knowledge and information. No one had ever spoken about the Catholic Education of the Deaf to her.

Returning to the rectory where he was to stay, Father Holzer was thinking deeply and spoke to himself: "When Father Casey returns from his trip and learns all about Catherine, he might begin to wonder whether there are more in the same condition. What about the former deaf children who are now adults? Father Casey has been pastor for a long time; I wonder just how many deaf children like Catherine have gone from childhood to manhood and womanhood without ever receiving any religious Catholic training. Who takes care of their spiritual life now? If these thoughts come to Father Casey's mind, it will mean much for other deaf children and for the few adult deaf that might be in his parish and in the city." His companion interrupted this loud thinking.

"Father Holzer, what, then, is this deaf-mute question? I must say that I am not very well posted in regard to the deaf or so-called deaf-mutes. I can say that I have heard a little about it, but I always put it aside as not pertaining to me because there were no deaf-mutes in my charge. However, I now see from the example of little Catherine, it might have been pertaining to me many a time although I was ignorant of the fact."

Father Holzer, seeing that it was almost noon, promised to speak more about the subject in the evening after they had completed the work of the day and had said all their Breviary. During the few parish calls the other priest made in the afternoon, he always asked whether there

were any deaf-mutes in the family or whether they knew of any Catholic adult or child that was a deaf-mute or that could not hear.

"Well," said Father Holzer, when the Fathers had come together for their evening chat, "I promised to tell you something in answer to your questions about the deaf, their education and the care of their spiritual welfare. In the first place, never allow the idea that the Catholic Church did not care for the deaf, enter that head of yours. To instruct all classes of persons in all conditions has ever been the ordinary work of the Church of Christ. Hence it goes on for centuries and nothing is said about it; on the contrary, if the Church had neglected the deaf or any class of persons, a great ado would have been made over it at the time, especially by our enemies, that is, the world and those that are jealous of the Church.

"In reading the account of Venerable Bede, now Saint Bede, I see an incidental mention made of his work for the deaf and of the effort being made at that time to teach the deaf to speak. Saint Augustine writes of a young man, a deaf-mute, who was very well instructed and who could express all his ideas by means of gestures. Augustine also shows his knowledge of some of the difficulties in teaching the deaf because he says that it is much more difficult to teach and instruct a deaf child than one that hears. By the way, it was through the kindness of the French Catholic that Gallaudet was enabled to introduce into the United States his organized effort to teach the deaf.

"All over the United States, I meet with records that show that the Catholic priests and nuns have been working for the instruction of the deaf these many years; but since they did it as the ordinary work of their lives, nothing was said about it. Some years ago and even lately, I have met very old priests and nuns, who, when they found that I was interested in the deaf, told me of some of their work done long ago for the deaf. At the time the work was being done their own friends and confreres did not think it was anything wonderful because they were doing only what was expected of them. The Sisters of Loretto, in the beginning of their foundation at Nerinx, Kentucky, had prepared for the education of the deaf-mutes. The Bishop Flaget sent two Sisters over to France to learn from the French Catholics their system of teaching the deaf. Abbé Sicard, a pastor in Detroit, Michigan, and a senator, introduced a bill to provide Michigan and other states with property and means for the establishment of schools for the educa-

tion of the deaf. However, all the State Schools had to be nonsectarian and naturally became Protestant and in some cases anti-Catholic. This anti-Catholic tendency is not so prevalent as formerly, but there are traces of it everywhere, as can be seen from the universal prejudice that many of such alumni and alumnae have against all things Catholic. Some even to this day express a surprise that a good man or woman could possibly be a Catholic.

"Even in these days of so-called enlightenment there are to be found persons who assert that Catholics have done very little for education and especially very little for the education of the deaf. This is far from true. The public schools as well as other schools had their origin from Catholic sources and the Catholics have paid their taxes and have aided in the building of these schools and in financing them just as well as the Protestants. Besides this, they have at great sacrifice and expense maintained their own system of schools, equal to the others in imparting secular knowledge, and at the same time giving to their children that religious education which is so necessary and which cannot be given in a system of schools in which Protestants of all denominations, Jews, Atheists and Pagans, are to be instructed. Of course, with their limited means they can hardly be expected to have all the buildings and equipment and salaries that obtain in those institutions that they with the others subsidize from their taxes. This is one of the reasons why we find so few Catholic schools for the deaf. In the entire West there is but one school for the Catholic deaf and that is at Oakland, California. In the Middle West we find a Catholic Deaf School at Chinchuba, Louisiana; St. Louis, Missouri; Chicago, Illinois; Saint Francis, Wisconsin; and at Cincinnati, Ohio. In the East we have one each at Buffalo, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York, Brooklyn and Pittsburgh. The addresses of these various schools can be found in the Official Catholic Directory.

"The Abbe de L'Epee met with two deaf-mutes in his work, and when he noticed that they could communicate with each other by means of natural signs, he conceived the idea of using these signs with others in an organized system of teaching and instructing the deaf. The effort to teach the deaf to speak and to read the lips of others has practically ever been in vogue. In the course of time there grew up two extreme systems: one only oral and the other only manual signs. There is another system that teaches all the oral the various pupils are capable

of acquiring, and will at the same time take advantage of the deaf-mute's natural inclination to a sign system of some kind to instruct and develop the mind especially during the earliest years in religion and even in the sciences. In so far as I am only a missionary and not a teacher of languages, I would not care what method is used, so long as the soul of the child is not neglected or kept away from the priest during the earliest years of its life. The adult deaf who, as their teachers claim, have learned to speak and read the lips of all so they can take their place along with ordinary hearing persons, can be instructed and cared for by the pastors of the parishes in which they happen to live. Thus I am interested only in those deaf who have learned the Sign Language as the deaf in general use it in the United States and neighboring countries. To sign to the deaf in other lands would not require much of an effort to overcome the differences in idiom.

"Some priests have been misled by the report that the deaf are now being taught to speak and to read the lips so well that they pass among the hearing as if they could hear perfectly, and for this reason have concluded that there are no more adult deaf-mutes in existence for whom it is necessary to use the Sign Language in sermons and instructions. However, the present adult deaf will be with us for many years to come, and what is more, there are graduated pupils from all the oral schools still beginning to attend our missions given in the Sign Language. They even learn the signs to be able to mingle with the deaf so as to be with those they can understand and who can understand them. One young lady of my acquaintance died of melancholy; no hearing person could understand her so she associated with the deaf-mutes but, because she would neither sign nor try to understand, she was soon left entirely alone. Another was on the point of giving up to the same disease when her folks brought her to meet the other deaf-mutes. From the first, the girl took a new hold on life, enjoying the companionship of those she could understand."

Father Holzer had talked so steadily that the fire in his tobacco pipe was extinguished. He stopped to light it and this gave the other Father the opportunity to say: "Are you, then, opposed to all this oral teaching as you call it?"

"By no means, dear Father, but I do not like to see children who can be and are taught evil by means of the natural language of Signs be deprived of right instruction until they might have acquired another



and more difficult language; I do not like to see the greater number of congenital deaf suffer for the sake of a few others or to satisfy the ambition of others; I do not like to see instruction in religion and morals deferred until it is too late or until the children are grown up; I do not like to have religious and moral instruction depending on guesswork; I do not like to see it made impossible for the priest to reach the souls of the children while they are in the earliest years; and I cannot see why it is allowed to use the Signs to make the child keep its clothes and body clean and to prevent it from ruining the furniture of the building, and not allowed to use those Signs to make it keep the mind, heart and soul clean and to prevent it from ruining its little soul."

"But, Father Holzer, why this prejudice against the use of the Signs?"

"Don't you see, it is because the Signs are so easily and naturally learned? The Signs are the natural language of those who cannot talk or hear, of those who cannot understand each other's language. This is common to all mankind. Because the Signs are so easily and naturally learned by the deaf and adopted by them, they will be inclined to use the Signs rather than make use of the words they have learned to speak or to try to understand the lips of others. Hence the Signs are proscribed and ridiculed to force the deaf to try to talk and to read the lips. I have met many such pupils whom I could not instruct, and even when we had recourse to writing, I could never be certain that the pupil understood the words that I might happen to use and both the pupil and I would have to go on guessing until the pupil would become discouraged and give it up as a bad job. Sometimes the parents wanted me to teach the grown-up boy or girl, in three or four weeks, more than the teachers had taught the child during eight or nine years. I might work the miracle some day.

"However, I have met with four or five persons in various parts of the United States who had never gone to any school. They simply grew up, began to work for the family and some of them afterwards raising their own families. It was easy for me to instruct them in their Holy Religion, prepare them for their first Confession and Holy Communion by means of the Signs they had naturally made up for themselves and the other Signs they had learned by mingling with the other deaf-mutes of the places in which they happened to live. Father, you could learn this language sufficiently in a week to be able to preach to



the deaf-mutes. True, it will be difficult to understand the Signing of others, but you will easily overlook this difficulty when you see your sermons and instruction so well understood by the deaf-mutes. This is no idle boast; it has been done time and time again.

"Because the deaf-mutes are scattered all over the country and are liable to be in any family anywhere, the only solution for the adult deaf question is for priests everywhere to learn at least the finger alphabet and thus enable him to converse with his deaf-mute parishioners when necessary and to make them feel at home in the parish.

"There are so many mistaken ideas about the deaf, but they are only normal persons that cannot hear and consequently have not learned to speak as other persons learn. Foreigners from every nation can learn our language, but most of the deaf cannot or they will never have the time or opportunity of learning to read the lips perfectly and to speak all words. We learn languages for the sake of foreigners, sometimes just for the sake of ambition or for the sake of pleasure; why not learn a language for the sake of the deaf and at the cost of a week of effort? Some say: 'But, there are so few deaf in my parish or in the city'—one soul is many.

"Some think that the deaf cannot learn anything of good or of evil. Read over the United States Census and you will conclude that the deaf can occupy any position except one that would depend particularly on speech or hearing, as for instance, the calling out of trains in a railroad station, but even there they would do as well as some of the callers I have heard. Many parents and others think that the deaf have no need of instruction to save their souls. The wish is father to this thought. It satisfies the conscience of the parents and of those who should instruct them. Fathers and mothers who believe in even higher Catholic education for their other children seem to think that the deaf need no education at all. I think I have talked enough for the time, but here is a paper on which I have noted down some incidents that will well illustrate many of the things you have tempted me to say. While you are reading them over, I intend to look at the daily paper at which I did not have a glance today."

While Father Holzer read the political and baseball news of the day the other priest read the notes of Father Holzer.

#### NOTES OF DEAF-MUTE WORK BY FATHER HOLZER

Always to the query, "Are there any deaf-mutes in this locality?"

the answer is, "No, sir; there are none in this town." Lay persons and others are surprised that I should expect to find a deaf-mute in their city. The Census of the United States claims that there is almost one deaf-mute to every thousand persons and it does not take into count all those who have become deaf after the age of eight or twelve years. Those persons who are so ready to assert that there are no deaf-mutes in their city are very much surprised when later on I show them that some of their neighbors are deaf-mutes, and that even their relatives have some deaf-mute in the family or that some of the best church workers have deaf-mutes in the family unknown to their pastors. Then when I have the opportunity of reminding those concerned, all with few exceptions will try to claim that they knew of it but that they had for the time forgotten.

Once while conversing with a deaf-mute on a train, I informed him that I was becoming deaf in one ear, and to console him I added that I might perhaps become a deaf-mute. When he saw this he signed to me with a scornful look on his face: "If you become a deaf-mute, the Catholic Church will throw you out." Whence does he get an idea like this?

Some Protestants once asked me why do not deaf-mutes ever become priests? When I told them that deaf-mutes would not have time and opportunity to make all the studies as a rule, and that they would have to learn to speak as did the deaf-mute, Father Font, who was ordained in France some time ago and who is now dead, they did not seem satisfied. I asked them a question that answered theirs: "Why do not deaf-mutes join the army?" This satisfied them.

An old grandfather was brought to one of our missions and he exclaimed: "I have been deaf from my earliest years and now I am an old man and this is the first time I ever saw a Catholic priest sign to the deaf."

At a mission about fifteen years ago, a teacher of the deaf exclaimed: "I have been teaching the deaf for over thirty years and this is the first time I ever saw a sermon by the hands of a priest."

About ten years ago the deaf-mutes were assembled in the hall after the close of the mission. One of the oldest men arose to address the meeting as follows: "Yesterday, a week ago, I heard that a Catholic priest would preach to us in the Sign Language. I would not believe it, and I resolved not to come to the mission. Afterwards I changed

my mind and now I am glad that I did. For sixty years I have been under the impression that a priest never could or never would learn to speak to us in the Sign Language."

Several times when I have asked a deaf-mute whether he or she is a Catholic or not, I have received this answer: "My father and mother and brothers and sisters are Catholics, but how could I be a Catholic? I became deaf when I was only three years old and went away to school. How could I be a Catholic?"

The deaf in the course of their lives hear so many lies that are circulated about the Catholic Church and Catholics and they are not in touch with persons who could combat these untruths. This, coupled with the fact that so few deaf ever become priests, and that there are so many ministers, deaf-mutes and otherwise, who in many cases are subsidized by the various denominations and go from town to town regularly, is calculated to make many of the deaf believe the false assertions made against the Catholics.

Some deaf-mutes, even after a Catholic education, go through life without further instruction, save what they find on a piece of paper after confession amounting to: "Say three Our Father's and Hail Mary's."

Often deaf-mutes are kept at home under lock and key seeing only father and mother. They suffer from this the same as any other human being, and when father and mother are dead, what is to become of the child that has no experience and no education? Others never go to any school; they just grow up along with the other children; others again go to school only after they are twenty or thirty years old.

Lately I found two very old persons that had never gone to any school; their folks are Catholics. The old people had a very good knowledge of the Sign Language learned by association with other deaf-mutes. I had a difficult time inducing the relative to allow the old people to come for instruction. They repeatedly said: "I don't see why they should be instructed and prepared for confession and Communion; our good old pastor told us years ago, and he said the same to our parents, that if he had as good a chance of going to heaven as the deaf-mute he would be satisfied." One of the deaf-mutes had raised a family and had been grandparent several times. Whence do such ideas come? There seems to be some unknown secret influence

always at work to keep deaf-mutes away from instruction in their Holy Catholic Faith.

After three days of continued searching for deaf-mutes in a city that had three or four Catholic Churches, I found one deaf-mute about forty-three years old. Those I had asked had said that there were no deaf-mutes in the place. One had immediately added that he did not know; perhaps there were some, but he had not met them. The deaf-mute I found belonged to the parish whose pastor had been positive that there was none in his parish. When I told him where the one I had found was living, he looked up his book of sick calls and then told me that he had been bringing Holy Communion every week for a long time to the old lady living there. He was exceedingly surprised when I explained to him that the only support of that lady and her daughter was that old lady's deaf-mute son who was forty-three years old and had never been instructed the least in his Holy Faith. The old lady was convinced that her son was foolish because he was deaf, but she was also convinced that he could support her, a thing which her hearing sons were not doing. The young man was very bright. He asked me to remain to preach to the deaf, claiming that many of the apostate Catholic deaf would come back to their faith if I would remain to instruct them. He also explained to me that the only one in that city interested in the deaf was a woman who was a Spiritualist and a sort of Christian Scientist. He laughed as he related how she promised to get him a wife if he would join her congregation, saying that if he wished to marry he could go and find a wife without her help.

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When the priest had read these few notes, Father Holzer laid aside the paper and began again:

"Well, Father, what I have said and what you have just read ought to give you some idea of a field of work of which you never thought. If you wish to learn the language of the deaf, I am willing to teach it to you. To give you more time I shall now offer to do all your parish work during the week needed to teach you the Signs.

"Some persons make fun of the Sign Language, but most persons are inclined to ridicule a language they know not. We can make fun of the English, German, Polish and French language, and if we have an ax to grind we can become very eloquent in mocking any language.

"I often hear, 'Why should I learn it? I might never use it.' This

argument can be used against the learning of any language. I have never seen any man who knew so many languages that he felt the burden of carrying them around. Learn all the languages you can; it will be a benefit to you as well as to others. The learning and the use of the Sign Language will do no more harm to you than the learning and the use of any other language.

"One priest learned the Sign Language almost against his will. One day he was called to a hospital to interpret for a dying deaf-mute. When he signed to the dying man the face of the patient brightened up. 'If he can understand those monkey shines,' said a doctor who thus showed his narrow-mindedness in regard to things he did not know, 'tell him to take that oxygen; he refuses to take it.' The father told the man to take the oxygen, explaining that it would help him live. At this the patient almost swallowed the tube he was so anxious to be relieved. He had thought that the doctors and nurses were trying to chloroform him so as to have him die easily. Father then asked the man whether he was a Catholic or not. He declared that he was nothing but that he would like to become a member of the Faith to which the good Sisters belonged. He had never been baptized. Father instructed him shortly in the necessary truths and at the man's request baptized him. When father had wiped the forehead of the man after the pouring of the water, he turned to the waiting Sister to give her the towel and then looking again toward the man, father found that the patient had died just at that moment. Father was not sorry that he had been carrying around with him the knowledge of the Sign Language. Think over it; I shall see you tomorrow. Good night."

Father Casey's cousin went to bed that night happy with the thought that he had gained another Apostle for the Field of the Deaf.

### KINDNESS LEADS TO GOD

How often do we not find that souls are led to God—not at first through argument and debate—but through some simple act of kindness or friendship. The great St. Augustine himself admits that he was led to the one true faith not by the arguments of his friend, St. Ambrose, but by the kindness with which he dealt with him.

"I began to love him," he says in his Confessions, "not at first as a means of finding truth—which I had despaired of finding—but as a fellow creature who was kind to me."




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## Archconfraternity OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

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### Where Our Lady Reigns

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

Where the sun beats down with unremitting heat and the palm trees and oleanders and myrtles lend paradisaical beauty to the ancient structures of an ancient city—devotion to our Lady has blossomed forth with an intensity and beauty that no words can describe. New Orleans—once a name calling to mind thoughts of tropical heat and a multitude of historical memories—has gained for itself a new name and a new fame; it has become the loveliest flower garden of the Mother of God, where the blossoms are confidence and trust and love and prayer in the name of Mary.

To many throughout the country I am sure these words will sound excessive. Other places have shrines to Mary; hearts beat with devotion to her in other cities and towns; and crowds are on hand at all her feasts and Novenas to prove their love and gratitude to her who is their Queen. But here in New Orleans there are sights and scenes that are duplicated in no part of the country; there is a weekly demonstration of faith and love that far surpasses all that other shrines to Mary can boast or show; and to the man or woman who would be inclined to doubt so superlative a praise we can only repeat the words of Philip to Nathaniel: "Come and see!"

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The central points of the devotion to our Mother of Perpetual Help in New Orleans are the shrines in the churches of the Redemptorist parish. It is a large parish—three thousand families would hardly be too high a figure numbering the souls within its boundaries. As such three churches are needed to accommodate all the parishioners. In each of these churches there is a shrine to our Lady, and each Tuesday twenty-four services are held at these shrines, every one crowded to the doors with those who are making the Novena.

The devotion began with the establishment of the Archconfraternity of our Mother of Perpetual Help in New Orleans some years ago. At first the usual devotions were held on Sunday afternoons, but as the crowds grew so large that they could not be handled on Sundays, Tuesday was set aside as Mary's day. Again the crowds kept growing larger and larger, the number of services was gradually increased to meet the need, until now there are services almost every hour of the day, and a whole day is hardly sufficient to accommodate the crowds. For the past year and a half the average attendance on Tuesdays has been thirty thousand people—from all parts of the city and many from outside the city and from other states.

The idea of the devotion is merely this: By attending the services in honor of our Mother of Perpetual Help on nine successive Tuesdays the faithful make a Novena of prayer. Thousands of petitions and as many thanksgivings are presented to the Fathers for the prayer and praise of the people on the successive Tuesdays. Many are praying for favors spiritual or temporal; many are making Novenas of thanksgiving for favors received; some have promised to make the Novena for the rest of their lives in gratitude for the favors granted them through our Mother of Perpetual Help.

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To the casual visitor present in New Orleans on any Tuesday of the year, it would appear as though some epochal event were taking place. He is thrilled by the sight of the crowds. Already at five-thirty in the morning the clatter of feet is heard on the stone pavements between the Churches; the crowds are gathering for Holy Communion and the first service which will follow the six o'clock Mass. Before six o'clock the church is filled almost to the doors. Before seven there is a crowd gathered before the Church, waiting for the first service to be over that they may take the vacated places in the Church for the next one.

All day long it goes on thus—from six in the morning until the last service at nine o'clock in the evening. Crowds in the churches—kneeling, standing, sitting—overflowing often into the sacristy and sanctuary so that the priest must thread his way through to reach the pulpit. Crowds outside the church waiting to enter and find a place. And while the last service in the evening is going on, you will see people kneeling on the stone flags of the church courtyard—looking up at the



windows and repeating the prayers of the Novena with the people inside the church.

Who would believe it possible, in this modern day and age, to fill a church twenty-four times a day for the same service? Yet it is done—and has been done once a week in New Orleans for over a year. And just here is the surprising part of it all. We might think it just possible to gather thirty thousand people once or twice a year for some great event—to celebrate some favorite feast or for a like purpose; but that this should be accomplished every Tuesday throughout the year—whether the Tuesday fall on Christmas or New Year's day or holiday of whatever sort—at this we wonder in silence and in awe.

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More still do we marvel when we behold the simplicity of the services that are held and repeated those twenty-four times each Tuesday. All the singing is done by the entire congregation. The service opens with a hymn to the Blessed Mother—the Beautiful and well-known "Mother dearest, Mother fairest." The Blessed Sacrament is then exposed while the congregation sings the "O Salutaris." Then, in the pulpit, the priest reads a few of the many petitions and thanksgivings that have been received during the week, and starts the three beautiful prayers to our Mother of Perpetual Help composed by St. Alphonsus. At the first word of the priest every person in the church joins in the prayers—some reading from cards on which they are written—many reciting them from memory. The Litany of the Blessed Virgin follows, and the blessing of religious articles and of the sick. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament closes each service.

Surely nothing could be more simple than such a service—yet in reality nothing could be more inspiring and sublime. To hear those great crowds singing together and praying together as in one voice could leave no one cold and unconvinced of the faith and love that dwells in the hearts of these southern people. To behold them crowding the Communion rails in the morning—pressing forward to Mary's shrine during the day—coming, tired and weary from a day's work to the last service in the evening—is more than an example; it is a powerful inspiration drawing every witness to fonder love for her who has drawn forth such love and devotion in so many human hearts.

Of course, the real miracles of the perpetual Novena take place in the confessional. After each of the services confessions are heard by



at least two of the Fathers—and God alone knows the number and magnitude of the miracles that have been wrought under the seal of the confessional. Many a soul will thank Mary, the Refuge of Sinners, on Judgment Day, for bringing them back through her Novena to lasting fidelity to God.

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Many are the explanations offered of the phenomenal growth of the devotion to Our Mother of Perpetual Help in New Orleans. Some would put it down to "mob psychology"—saying that most of those who attend the services are merely following the crowd blindly—ignorantly—unreasonably. A person has only to go among the people at any given service and talk with them—to learn how little of "mob psychology" is leading them on. Rather, it seems that they are oblivious of the crowds around them—that they are concerned only with their own prayers and petitions to the Mother of God. Each one speaks of it as "my Novena"—implying that though no one else would be present, they would be on hand to make their prayers and petitions to their powerful Mother.

Others would have it that it is the theatrical attractiveness of the services that draws the crowds. I dare say there is hardly a devotion in the country that has less of the theatrical about it than the services in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help in New Orleans. There is no eloquence commanded to sway the hearts and wills of the people; sermons are preached at none of the Tuesday services. The services are conducted—not by one Father of dynamic personality who exerts a sort of magnetism over the people—but by a number of different Fathers who take their turns. The people scarcely ever know what Father will conduct the service they are attending until they are in the church and the service begins.

Or, perhaps the scoffer will say, superstition is at the bottom of all this demonstration of devotion. A blind belief in the efficacy of certain formulas of prayer to obtain infallible results. The scoffer might do well to read or hear the wording of the petitions through the intercession of Mary, almost all of which end with the wording: "If it be the holy will of God." There is no superstition in the heart that can throw itself so trustingly on the love and goodness of the great Father of us all, leaving it to Him to decide whether its petition can be answered without harm to its own best interests in His sight.

No, the only satisfactory explanation of the crowds in New Orleans is the fact that the services give the people a chance to show their love for Mary and to pray together, and that their prayers are bringing results. The fervor with which the hundreds of people gathered together raise their voices in the words of the prayers and hymns—the hundreds of thanksgivings that pour into the rectory week after week supply the basis for this conclusion. The people have faith—childlike, trusting faith in God and His Blessed Mother deep down in their hearts—and their faith is leading to prayer and their prayer to the results that are based on the infallible words of God: Wherever two or three are gathered together in My name, I am in the midst of them. And whatsoever you shall ask in prayer, it shall be granted to you!

\* \* \*

The beauty and wonder of it all cannot but give rise to the fervent hope that Our Mother of Perpetual Help will come to be honored at all her shrines throughout the country as she is in New Orleans today. If it is true that where devotion to Mary flourishes, our people cannot slacken in their faith and fidelity to God, if it is true that Mary has so wonderful a power over the will of her Son as it is being proved in New Orleans—we are only left to wonder why, in many places of the country where there are shrines to Our Mother of Perpetual Help, there are so few who come out to do her honor and to pray to her. Surely it will only take a realization of her Mother love and her great power to make the whole world throw itself at her feet just as those thousands are doing now at her shrines in New Orleans.

With a wistfully prophetic eye, then, we behold the scenes of New Orleans reenacted in a score of places in the future. Where now only a few are on hand at the devotions in her honor, thousands will come to kneel and pray. Where now one church and one service is but sparsely attended on the day dedicated to our Virgin Mother, the future will see a dozen services and two or three churches needed to accommodate the clients of the most powerful Queen. New Orleans has led the way; and it finds itself blessed a thousandfold as it kneels at the shrines of Mary. The same blessing awaits thousands of other souls who will soon learn to people the empty churches around the shrines of the Mother of God—our Mother of Perpetual Help.

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It is the easiest thing in the world for a man to deceive himself.

### PERPETUAL HELP IN AUSTRALIA

In the year 1926 a Sister of Mercy passed her final examination in nursing and went to take charge of a hospital which had been confided to her Order a few years before.

She had not been a week in her new sphere when she was attacked by violent pains. The local doctors decided that there was something very seriously wrong with the Sister's health and she was accordingly taken to Sydney to consult a Specialist. In Sydney an X-ray examination revealed gall trouble and an operation was deemed necessary. After the operation the Sister apparently improved and in due time returned to work at her hospital. She was not, however, cured. She became subject to frequent and severe attacks of pain. She struggled on until May, 1927, when it became apparent that the root of the evil had not been reached and in June she had to submit to a second operation, this time for the removal of the gall bladder. For a short time the patient seemed to improve, but once more the pain made itself felt and a third painful operation had to be endured, but the cure was not yet.

As the Sister was growing weaker from operations and ever-recurring pain, the Superior decided to take her to an eminent Specialist in Melbourne. This Specialist carefully studied the case and discovered a suppurating hydatid on the liver.

He performed a delicate and dangerous operation, removing a cyst from the liver and inserting a tube. For several days the Sister hung between life and death, but gradually recovered and was able to return home in October.

In January, 1928, as she was anxious to resume work in the hospital (her help being very much needed there), and as the medical adviser offered no objection, the Superioress gave a reluctant consent and permitted the Sister to return to work. But it was only by constant effort that she was able to go through her duties. Fresh attacks of pain made her life such a martyrdom that she realized after some months that it was impossible to go on, and it was decided to consult again the Melbourne Specialist who had removed the cyst.

It happened that before she left for Melbourne a Redemptorist Father visited the hospital. When he was told how ill Sister X was and how no treatment seemed to cure her, he recommended the Com-

munity to make a very special Novena in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor. He himself said Mass for nine days in Our Lady's honor.

The Sister who was ill joined also, of course, in the Novena. On the second day of it, the pains so long endured ceased, and by the end of the Novena she felt quite well. The pains never returned and the Sister has since then enjoyed the best of health.

She went, as had been arranged, to see the Melbourne Specialist, but he had merely to verify the fact that she was cured.

Twelve months after the Sister's cure—in June, 1929—her Superioress wrote as follows:

"Sister has had no recurrence of the pain. She has been marvelously well, and is able to perform the arduous duties of a nurse's life besides the numerous responsibilities that devolve on a Sister in charge of a busy hospital. (She is Matron of the hospital.)

"The hearts of the Community, and of the Sister herself, are filled with gratitude. They will be delighted if the publication of the cure will result in increased devotion on the part of even one person to our dear LADY OF PERPETUAL SUCCOR."

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#### IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Dearest Mother of Perpetual Help: I am writing this in thanksgiving for special favors granted me. Please publish this so others may obtain great help and favors. I am sending two dollars for Masses in honor of our Mother of Perpetual Help in thanksgiving for the wonderful favors.

\* \* \*

"I am enclosing a check for . . . . . dollars for six Masses in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help in thanksgiving for favors received. I am also asking continued help in my work. Please publish thanksgiving in THE LIGURIAN."—La Crosse, Wis.

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Try to keep a quiet mind and a collected spirit, so that you may never lose a right intention or a wise forethought.—*St. Ignatius.*

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Employ thy time well if thou meanest to gain leisure.

# Catholic Anecdotes

## A REMINDER OF HOPE

An old hermit once lived in a deep forest. He had made a little hut for himself, had cleared a small space for a garden, and there passed his days in work and penance and prayer.

One day two young men were passing through the forest on a hunting trip, and they came upon the old hermit working in his garden. Seeing the hard life he led and withal the cheerfulness of his countenance, they asked him the secret of his joy in the midst of so lonely a life. So the old hermit led them within his hut to the small window in the rear, around which the bushes outside had grown so high and thick that through it only a small patch of sky could still be seen.

"There," said the hermit, "is the secret of my joy. That little patch of sky is the explanation of the life I lead. For whenever my way of life begins to seem hard and irksome, I go to this window and look at that little bit of heaven, and I think of the joy that is awaiting me there. Whenever the devil tempts me with thoughts of the good things in the world that I have left, I look out of this window and compare the joys that are awaiting me beyond that bit of sky with the passing pleasures of the world. This always keeps me faithful!"

## STRETCH IT A LITTLE

A little girl and her brother were on their way to school one winter morning. The grass on the common was white with frost, and the wind was very damp. They were both poorly dressed, and the little girl had a kind of cloak over her which she seemed to have outgrown.

As they walked briskly along, she drew the boy closer to her and said:

"Come under my coat, Johnny."

"It isn't big enough for both, Sis," he replied.

"Then I will try and stretch it a little."

And they were soon as close together and as warm as birds in the same nest.

Now why can't we all stretch our comforts a little? There are many shivering bodies and sad hearts and weeping eyes in the world, just because people do not stretch their comforts beyond themselves.

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### NO HALF-HEARTEDNESS

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When Cardinal Manning was still a student at Oxford University, he wrote in a letter to a friend these lines which are characteristic of the man:

"Hang me, Jack, if I do anything by halves hereafter. I will endeavor to be Caesar; I know I can be nullus (nobody). But never will I be Nullocaesar, which is an amalgam of craving ambition and yielding softness, inadequate exertion and harassed tranquillity. Just enough of one to make one miserable, and too little of the other to succeed in any attempt."

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### THE TEST OF FAITH

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One day as Holy Mass was being celebrated in the magnificent chapel of St. Louis, King of France, there was seen at the elevation a beautiful infant—the Infant Jesus—in place of the Host. The priest continued to elevate the Host until the King could be called.

A courtier found the King and told him of the miracle that was taking place. The King, however, refused to go and behold it.

"Let those," he said, "see the wonder who do not fully believe in the Real Presence. As for me, I have never had, thank God, any doubt about it."

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### GREAT SOULS AND LITTLE FAULTS

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Cardinal Newman, writing in the year 1854, when he was over fifty years of age, tells that he still remembers with pain a little incident that happened in 1806 when he was about five or six years old.

His father and brother and himself had gone into the garden of a friend who offered them three apricots. Newman says he took the largest for himself—a fact that distressed him every time he thought of it thereafter.

# Pointed Paragraphs

## PRACTICAL APOLOGETICS

Humphrey Desmond, in the Catholic Citizen, makes the following sound remarks:

"In the matter of Apologetics, the Apostolate of Good Example should not be overlooked.

"In this apostolate more than in any other the Catholic layman can play a most important part. Of far more consequence than anything he may say in print will be his conduct as a citizen and a neighbor in bringing non-Catholics to a correct appreciation of what the Catholic Church teaches. In communities where Catholics hold themselves aloof from activities, patriotic, civic, philanthropic, humanitarian and charitable, in which a common interest should be felt and manifested, there is danger that Catholics may be misunderstood and the teaching of the Church badly warped in its appearance to the eyes of outsiders. It would be good service for the Church for Catholic citizens to show themselves interested in the things that make for the betterment of the community as a whole. It is true, they should have a special care for the concerns of the household of the faith, but when they have fulfilled their duty in this respect, there should still be a considerable margin of activity for the good citizenship in which people of all religions are interested."

## BEGIN DAILY

St. Francis de Sales, writing to a religious, gives this consoling and wise advice:

"All our childishness proceeds from no fault but this, that we forget the maxims of the saints, who have warned us that every day we should consider we begin our course of perfection; and if we thought properly of this, we should not be disturbed at finding miseries in ourselves, or things to amend. We have never done; we must always begin, again and again, with a good heart. 'When a man hath done, then shall he begin.'—(Ecclus. 18.6.)



"What we have done up till now is good; but what we are going to begin is still better; and when we have finished it, we will begin another thing which shall be better still, and then another, till we depart out of this world to begin another life, which shall have no end, because nothing better can come to us."

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### ONE FAITH—YESTERDAY—TODAY—FOREVER

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It is always a source of new strength for our faith to go back in spirit to the very earliest centuries of the Church and there find its members holding the same beliefs and making use of the same practices that the Church holds out to us today. That is why we love the catacombs, with their evidences of our own beliefs. That is why we study the Fathers in their writings and sermons, teaching the same things that are taught today. All the ages give testimony of our faith.

Hear, for example, the words of St. John Chrysostom, who lived and preached over 1,300 years ago, regarding the central doctrine of all our belief, the Blessed Eucharist:

"When thou beholdest the pure and immaculate Body of the God-man lying before thee on the altar, say to thyself: 'Through this body I am no longer dust and ashes, no longer a captive but free; through this body I hope to obtain heaven and all it contains—eternal life, the lot of the angels, the society of Christ. This Body pierced through with nails, death could not retain; in the presence of this crucified Body the sun was enveloped in darkness; because of it the veil of the temple was rent, the rocks split, and the whole earth shook; this is the Body, covered with blood, pierced with a lance, from which issued for the entire universe two fountains of salvation—Blood and Water!'"

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### SMOKED GLASSES

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Some people view the world, as it were, through smoked glasses. In it they see nothing bright or good or worthy of commendation; they have a fault to find with everyone.

George Eliot, in one of her books, humorously tells us of one such world critic. Old Mr. Gedge, the landlord of the Royal Oak Inn, used often to turn his bloodshot eyes on his neighbors in the village of Shepperton and sum up his opinion of them with shaking head.

"Ay, sir, I've said it often, and I'll say it again, they're a poor lot in this parish, a poor lot, sir, big and little."

Alas, they were not worthy of Mr. Gedge—so he subsequently had himself transferred to the Saracen's Head in a neighboring town. But he forgot to leave his smoked glasses behind him—and in a short time he was summing up his new neighbors in the same strain as he had the former villagers of Shepperton.

"A poor lot, sir, big and little; and them as comes for a go o' gin are no better than them as comes for a pint o' twopenny. A poor lot."

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### SELFISHNESS AND FOLLY

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A visitor to a certain village which had four churches, asked the minister of one congregation:

"How is your church getting on?"

"Not very well," was the reply; "but, thank the Lord, the others are not doing any better."

Does it seem funny? How often does not self-seeking enter into our work for a good cause, and we would secretly rather see it fail than have it succeed through another's work rather than our own.

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### SLANDER

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"'Tis slander

Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue  
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath  
Rides on the posting winds and doth belie  
All corners of the world; kings, queens and states,  
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,  
This viperous slander enters."—*Shakespeare*.

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### HUMAN RESPECT

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People who wish to remain in the good graces of others will assent to anything—no matter how gross, false or untrue it happens to be, just so the hero says so. It is a real carrying out of the Chinese proverb: "If the king says at high noontime, 'It is midnight'—the courtier should answer, 'Behold the moon and the stars!'"—*Ave Maria*.

## Catholic Events

With an impressive ceremony marked by ecclesiastical pomp and solemn ritual—says the Milwaukee *Sentinel* for August 21—the forty-seventh annual convention of the Knights of Columbus opened on Tuesday at the Milwaukee Auditorium.

A Pontifical High Mass in the auditorium at 10 a. m. was attended by nearly 10,000 persons. The Mass was celebrated by Bishop Paul Rhode of Green Bay, and the sermon was preached by Archbishop Henry J. O'Leary of Edmonton, Canada.

The Mass was followed by addresses of welcome by Governor Kohler and Acting Mayor Cornelius Corcoran. The Governor paid a beautiful tribute to Archbishop Messmer of Milwaukee, who was unable to attend the convention on account of illness. Archbishop Messmer, he said, has "for thirty-five years been a power for good in Wisconsin, not alone through his notable service as a great prelate of the Catholic Church, but as an able, upright and constructive citizen."

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On September 8, the Rev. Joseph A. Beil, C.Ss.R., will celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of his profession as a member of the Redemptorist Fathers. Father Beil, despite his years, is still active, being attached to the community at St. Alphonsus Church, Chicago, Ill.

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This year Ireland commemorates the hundredth anniversary of Emancipation. We quote a description of the marvelous celebrations in Dublin as given in *The Standard* for June 29.

"We have passed through one of the great weeks of our history. We have seen with our own eyes the evidences of the reawakening sense of centuries of national existence passing at one moment into the consciousness of the people and calling up emotions that reveal the innermost spirit of our race.

"Whatever sacrifices made for the passing of Emancipation, the providential ordering of history has amply made the Act of 1929 the starting point of a new Ireland.

This explains how it was that Emancipation, with its different facets, was recalled mainly as a reason for religious display and Catholic manifestation. At the close of last week Dublin was a vast sanctuary where every symbol of Catholic truth was in view. Every house had its picture of the Sacred Heart, of Our Lady and St. Joseph and St. Patrick; every street had its Papal flag and every voice its Roman note.

There has been one remarkable fact running through the celebration that must be explicitly put down in the interest of historic truth. The dominant note everywhere was simply joy and happiness. I have never seen such crowds of happy faces. It was as if the sense of prayer pervaded the entire city. I did not hear one word of penal law or Protestant tyranny.

The culmination of all this week of wonders came on Sunday, June 23. The city churches had been thronged with citizens and visitors from dawn. It may be said that every adult, man and woman, knelt at the altar rails and received the Bread of Life.

I joined the crowds hastening to the Sacrifice in the Basilica of Phoenix Park, and got into the great hosting of Innisfail just as the High Mass began. The Kyrie was being sung by the voices of unseen singers. The scene can hardly be imagined; it certainly cannot be described. It is said there was a quarter of a million present; many put the figures still higher. I have no means of testing these estimates and I can only say that the sight of the immense multitude was more wonderful in its demeanor than in its numbers.

Try to picture half a million people kneeling side by side, their eyes fixed upon a Christian altar, rapt in prayer, silent and reverent, and in the silences of their hushed hearts finding tremulous echoes of the chanted liturgy—nay, in the open air, sweet as the winds in the trees, hearing the perfect rhythms of Gregorian chant make their appeal for the Divine Mercy! . . .

Every sacred word sung at the altar was heard through the vast area.

The climax was reached when the sharp military command rang out for the Royal Salute and the bugles played their loud homage to Christ the King. This was the highest moment of the day. Every element of the nation joined in the act of worship. Churchmen, statesmen, civilian and soldier, all were fused into one body and one soul as they saluted the "King of ages immortal and invisible."

"After a short pause the assemblage swung into processional order. All was in military fashion. There was no confusion, no untoward delays. As the moving mass took its way to the city the voice of the radio was heard describing every salient feature of the cavalcade. As the clergy took their places a running comment was brought into every ear. Clear, fluent, eloquent phrases told the story of each order and congregation as they came into view, so that nothing was left out that could add to the full understanding of the meaning of the pageant that showed the strength and the distinction of Catholic Ireland.

"All the religious orders established on Irish soil walked in their full habits, free at last to come into the open eye of day. Their picturesque contrasts gave a splash of color to the long line of reverent men whose fine presence and commanding distinction held the eyes of the multitude who lined the route.

"I have assisted at great religious pageants abroad, and not one of them could be said to approach this, either in size or in processional quality.

"The extreme length of the Triumphal Way taxed the procession in many points. The afternoon was in June and the heat played its part to the last letter. But the long line never wavered. Erect and enthusiastic we entered the city. Every house was a shrine, every window held its banner. The streets were lined with kneeling masses of men and women. But there was no crush, no confusion. The procession divided into lines of four and occupied both banks of the river. It

halted at the Bridge of the Tabernacle, where the throne had been prepared for Christ the King.

"The closing scenes beggar all description. The quays were like the aisles of a great Cathedral where a quarter of a million of Catholics knelt in awed expectancy and worshipping welcome to the Lord who was coming so near. In a short time the signs of His approach were felt, the bugles rang out again in salute and His benediction fell down upon His people.

"When the religious tension relaxed as the recessional hymns were given, it was noticed how the silence continued on while an air of indescribable joy and happiness seemed to rest on every face. It seemed to be the common thought that Dublin had seen the greatest day of its history."

"It was grand, incomparably grand," declared Msgr. Pisani, Archbishop of Constantia, the bearer of the Pope's message to the Irish Hierarchy.

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Death has claimed Mrs. Martha Moore Avery, president of the Catholic Truth Guild of Boston. The almost 78-year-old lady on Sunday afternoon spoke at the Boston Common in her usual vigorous and masterful style. On the following Thursday she had departed this life for her eternal reward.

She was born in Steuben, Maine. Her logical mind led her to the truth of the Catholic Church. She became a convert. Since 1914 she was associated with the Truth Guild of Boston, a new movement which had been inaugurated by Cardinal O'Connell. With characteristic intelligence, Mrs. Avery set herself to work and succeeded. From a local agency the Truth Guild developed into a nation-wide influence in correcting the mistaken ideas of those who do not understand what the Church really taught.

"The energetic old lady through intense study had made this work her life interest, and the enormous mass of information she had at her disposal qualified her to speak authoritatively on apologetics. She was not only president of the Guild, but also head of the Common Cause Society, as well as Director of the Boston School of Social Science. With David Goldstein, her co-worker, she was co-author of "Socialism: the Nation of Fatherless Children," and "Campaigning for Christ."

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The first General Chapter of the Sisters of Mercy in the United States will convene at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary of the West, Norwood, Cincinnati, Ohio, on Aug. 24. This chapter has been convoked by the Apostolic Delegate, His Excellency, the Most Rev. P. Fumasoni-Biondi, at the command of the Sacred Congregation of Religious. Each community of the Sisters of Mercy that has signified its wish to enter the Generalate will be represented at the General Chapter by its Mother Superior and two delegates elected by the Sisters. About forty communities of Sisters of Mercy have shown their desire to amalgamate into one great Order and will be represented at the Chapter.

## Some Good Books

*Martha Jane, Sophomore.* By Inez Specking. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. 204 pages. Price, \$1.50.

Miss Specking tells a good story and tells it well. I know that her previous books were very well received especially in the girl world. She knows the ins and outs of life and thought at a girl's school, and it is a very real and natural and highly interesting story she weaves out of lives that may have seemed to be just ordinary. Nor is Martha Jane, the heroine! a stranger to the reader. So, while new readers ought to get acquainted with her, old readers simply must meet her again.

*Sermons and Addresses.* By the Rev. A. M. Skelly, O.P. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. 361 pages. Price, \$2.25.

These sermons are already known to priests and appreciated by those who have used them. They appeared in the course of Doctrinal Discourses. But the arrangement is different.

What one admires about these sermons and addresses is their solidity of teaching. Anyone who uses them is sure to have something worth while to say. Nor is the style by any means dry. The book deserves a place on the preacher's five-foot or ten-foot shelf,—whatever its size may be.

*Alias Oves Habeo. Chapters on Home-Mission Work.* By Ambrose Reger, O.S.B. Published by Frederick Pustet Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. 208 pages. Price, \$2.00.

Most of the chapters that make up this book have already appeared in print, either in the Homiletic and Pastoral Review or in the American Ecclesiastical Review or in the Acolyte.

"In presenting these pages to his brother priests," we read in the preface, "the writer wishes to say that, they are the fruits of notes and observations made during his missionary labors in an overwhelmingly Protestant district, extending over a period of twenty years."

This, it seems to me, is what lends to this book its chief interest and value. It is the fruit of long experience and serious reflection on the work of a priest for those outside the fold. It is something that has been tried,—not simply imagined. It will interest the priest at work, and ought to be handy for reference in the Pastoral Class at the Seminary.

*Outline Sermons on the Holy Eucharist and the Blessed Virgin Mary.* By the Rev. Peter Geiermann, C.Ss.R. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. 394 pages.

This was the last work of the late prolific writer, Father Geiermann, whose death we recorded in our last issue.

"These Outline Sermons," he says in the preface, "are a response to the repeated requests of the pastors for whom the author preached missions. They present the practical matter of the two great sources of Catholic life in a direct and logical way."

One of the chief merits of these Outline sermons is that they are rich in apposite texts from Sacred Scripture. Moreover they are meaty and offer abundant suggestions for development. They ought to be of great service to preachers.

*To Thee I Come. Or the Efficacy of Praying to Our Blessed Mother.* By Canon de Saint Laurent. Translated from the French by E. Leahy. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. 155 pages. Price, \$1.50.

In a simple and unaffected style, we have here eleven studies on the life and virtues of our Blessed Mother. There are many books on the Blessed Virgin. This will rank as one of the most appealing. It is meant not only for religious but also for the laity. All who love Mary will be pleased with it. The constant refrain being,—Mary will help in every need,—it will, no doubt, increase devotion to and confidence in our heavenly Queen.

# Lucid Intervals

The new minister drove up to a country home in a two horse buggy. Little Sammy Funkhouser met him and asked: "Is them your horses?"

"Yes, sonny," replied the minister. "Why do you ask?"

"My ma said you was only a one horse preacher," explained Sammy.

A negro pastor calling on one of his congregation found him playing cards for money. "Rastus," he said, "don't you know it is a sin to play cards for money?"

"Yeh, parson," he answered ruefully. "But believe me, ah sure am paying fo mah sins."

The unusual thing happened in a southern town the other day when a negro woman committed suicide.

"Why is it, Rastus," an old negro was asked, "that so few negroes ever commit suicide?"

"It's dis way, boss; when a white man gets in trouble and sets down to worry over it, he gets despret and kills hisself. When a nigger sets down he goes to sleep."

First Englishman—"I say, Charlie, did I ever tell you that joke about the Egyptian guide who showed a group of tourists two skulls of Tut-an-kh-amen—one when he was a boy, and the other when he was a man.

Second Englishman—"No, let's hear it."

First Automat Patron—I put a lead nickel in one of these things the other day, and what do you think came out?

Second A. P.—I give up.

First—The manager.

Little Maurice had just seen—and heard—his father step on a tack with his bare foot, and came running to his mother in wild excitement.

"Ma, ma, come quick, Pa's got a puncture."

"Rastus, does you love me?"

"Mandy, you is one woman I don't like none other no better than."

Daddy (at dinner table)—Son, you've reached for everything in sight. Now, stop it; haven't you got a tongue?

John—Sure, Dad, but my arm's longer.

Teacher: "Give the principal parts of the verb 'Swim.'"

Johnny: "Swim, swam, swum."

Teacher: "Good! Now give the principal parts of the verb 'dim.'"

Johnny: "Teacher, I'd rather not."

The reporter was calling on Mrs. Neurich. "And do you serve course dinners?" he asked.

"Oh, my, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Neurich. "We are rich enough to eat only the most refined victuals."

June Bride—"I would like to buy an easy chair for my husband."

Salesman—"Morris?"

June Bride—"No, Clarence."

Mistress—"What's the matter, Jane?"

Jane—"Why, madam, here's a note from the master, telling me he has gone away for the weekend and wants me to send his drawing material."

Mistress—"Can't you do that?"

Jane—"Scarcely madam. I don't know whether to send his paints or a couple of cork screws."

Guide—We are now passing the oldest aule house in England.

Tourist—Why?

"What a sad-looking store."

"Why? Because it has panes in the window?"

"No, the books are in tiers."

"Ain't that cow got a lovely coat, Ted?"

"Yes, it's a Jersey."

"There, now! And I thought it was its skin!"

"What on earth are you wearing all those coats for?"

"Well, I'm going to paint my barn, and the directions on the paint can say 'for best results put on three coats.'"



## Redemptorist Scholarships

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